Get a Fountain and Jack a "John Bull" Pen. See Page 10.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XVII. No. 670. SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Sole Manufacturers
ARMY & NAVY C.S. Ltd., Victoria

Better value always at
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LIPTON LTD.,
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Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

WICKED WAR OFFICE BLUNDER

E [illegible]

X SOLD EVERYWHERE.

C OST LITTLE.

E [illegible] LABEL ON EVERY HANDKERCHIEF.

L IGHT AND DAINTY.

D EPENDABLE QUALITY.

A SK FOR EXCELSIOR SOFT COLLARS, CUFFS, SHIRTS.

LACE

Direct from British Looms. Cash or Credit. Write for free List, showing actual photographs of Lace Curtains, Casement Net, Art Draperies, Furnishing Fabrics, and General Draperies. Mention "John Bull"

CATESBYS Ltd., London W.1.

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RUN DOWN

depressed, perhaps ill in mind and body. Is that your burden, busy housewife, and have you discovered the cause? Let us help you to remove one great reason for the above-mentioned burdens. Stop scrubbing floors or floor coverings; get Catesbys Cork Lino, the floor covering that can be kept beautifully clean without scrubbing; the floor covering that gathers no dust or dirt. A postcard will bring samples and prices free, and you can get Catesbys Cork Lino by paying a small deposit. That saves waiting to save, and we pay carriage to your door.

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LADIES' SUITS PATTERNS FREE

You ought to get our Free Fashion Guide and Patterns of Stylish Fabrics for a New Suit or Costume. The styles are absolutely correct and attractive, and cost little. Ask for set No. 19.

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Messrs. CATESBYS, Ltd., London, W.1.

Please send me your Style Book and pattern pieces of cloth. I am thinking of buying a Burlington suit.

Full Name .....

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(Dept. 19.) .....

We want every man who sees this Advertisement to send the above Coupon and get our Patterns.

You do not have to buy because you send for the patterns. We want you to have them so as to prove to you that you can get a better Suit from us on Easy Terms carr. paid right to your door. than you could get from a local tailor at the same price.

That's a fair proposition, isn't it? All right, then. Just send the coupon to-day before you forget it. You will say the values we offer are the greatest you ever saw. If you don't want to cut this paper, write a post-card or letter for samples, and mention JOHN BULL.

CATESBYS LTD.
(Dept. 19), London, W.1.

RUGS

Write for a Post Free Batch of Coloured Sheets, showing the wonderful beauty of Catesbys Rich Rugs. Broad variety of patterns good for general wear and suitable also for use with our Cork Lino.

CATESBYS LTD.
(Dept 19), Tottenham Ct Rd London

Don't ask for just "Egg Powder"

—get the *real thing* whilst you're at it!

IF you go into the grocer's and simply say: "Give me a tin of egg powder" you may be satisfied—or you may not.

But go boldly into the shop and ask for "a tin of GOODALL'S Egg Powder," and you *know* exactly what a good thing you are getting.

You will be getting the Egg Powder the best homes all over the country are using to tame the present flour into something like behaviour;

—You will be getting the kind the big cookery schools have *tried* and *proved* by dozens of critical tests and experiments and are now using in almost every recipe to save time and eggs and money;

—You will be getting the kind about which Miss ELSIE MARY WRIGHT, "Cordon Bleu" medallist of the National Training School of Cookery, Domestic Editress of "Everywoman's Weekly," etc., etc., has written:

"With the present war-time flour it is often a problem to produce light and delicious pastry, but Goodall's Egg Powder completely solves the difficulty . . . . its great advantage over other Egg substitutes is that it contains a minimum of baking powder, the consequence being that cakes, etc., made with it retain all their richness instead of being dry and tasteless. Analysis also shews that Goodall's Egg Powder contains valuable albumens and phosphates.

Elsie Mary Wright, ("Cordon Bleu" Medallist of the National Training School of Cookery; Domestic Editress "Everywoman's Weekly," etc., etc., and one of the best known cookery experts in London).

CONSIDERING all these things, don't you think it would be just as well in future to *insist* on GOODALL'S Egg Powder? Please write us if your Grocer is out of stock or isn't up-to-date enough to have it yet. Large 1½d. packets, 7d. and 1/3 tins.

Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Leeds.

For Our Fighting Men

THE sustaining qualities of Delecta Watford Chocolate and its delicious flavour have made it the popular favourite with our Soldiers and Sailors everywhere. It's such a handy, wholesome ration when other foods and supplies are difficult to obtain. Our boys at every front should insist upon Delecta Watford Chocolate at their canteen.

A very large proportion of the output of Delectaland is set aside for this purpose, but limited supplies are now available at many confectioners.

Delecta

CHOCOLATE

MADE IN DELECTALAND

THE WATFORD MFG. CO., LTD.
CONFECTIONERS (BY APPOINTMENT) CHOCOLATIERS.
TI-COCOA & FINE-GRADE FOOD PRODUCTS.
DELECTALAND, WATFORD, ENG.

Another Jag

Confound it! Still there's always **Mend-a-Tear**

that will mend without stitches—just a piece of Mend-a-Tear adhesive—a hot iron and the thing is done. And, boys, it's sold in 1/- Cartons—general for all kinds of clothes, khaki for uniforms, etc.

Free sample in return for penny stamped addressed envelope from

LEICESTER RUBBER CO., LTD., 23, Granby Mills, LEICESTER.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rest,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIII. No. 626. Week ending Saturday, June 1st, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

After Us Again.

We were peacefully resting in the country on Whit Monday, when a message arrived to say that on the previous evening our London rooms had narrowly escaped destruction, a portion of the premises having been demolished by yet another "fire"!

Rations for German Prisoners—

We are glad to learn that steps are being taken with a view to rationing prisoners on the same lines as the ordinary population.

And for Non-Combatants.

Also we hear that all non-combatant forces are to be placed on a level footing with civilians—instead of being allowed to gorge as though they were fighting.

So Glad!

We are relieved to know that, so far, Cologne Cathedral has escaped injury from our airmen—but, of course, accidents *may* happen, as they did with those Base hospitals the other day.

Ireland.

Perhaps the disclosure of the Sinn Fein plot will clear the air. What a lucky thing old Birrell the Buffoon wasn't still in office!

"If You See It—"

Three weeks ago we suggested that some such minister as Mr. Walter Long should be sent to Ireland to look into things on the spot. And now that he is there—we shan't be long!

Nervous Nationalists.

So the Nationalist M.P.s are coming back to Westminster—now that their rivals, the Sinn Fein leaders, are in gaol. What a game it is!

At Last—

We have the Denaturalisation Bill, authorising the Home Secretary to revoke certificates of naturalisation. *Let him begin at the top.*

Indian Home Rule.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Montagu, Secretary for India, has brought no Home Rule nostrum back with him from his recent visit. The way to govern India is—to govern.

A "Gallant" Major.

This is how a certain Major introduced to the Mess some American officers who recently joined a certain corps in the Midlands:—"Now we are all friends, and we can spit with you." Pretty, wasn't it?

Bravo, "Birmingham"!

Three cheers for the Bishop of Birmingham, who knows the Huns well and tells us the truth "concerning 'em"!

Wasted Meat.

We should like to know just how much meat was wasted during the recent hot weather by being allowed to rot instead of being released without coupons.

Nobbled.

Our sporting brother *Town Topics* regrets that we have "been nobbled by the military funkers." We were not aware of it. On the other hand, we are told that, compared with our own voice, "Garvin's a bleat." So *that's* all right.

TO OUR READERS.

A new Order in Council will come into force at an early date forbidding the supply of all newspapers on "sale or return." From that date, therefore, to make sure of your copy of JOHN BULL, it is essential that you should give a definite order to your newsagent or bookstall for its regular supply.

Two Wills.

Looking through the list of "Latest Wills" the other day, we noticed these two items next to each other:—The Rev. Henry Arthur Starkie, £293,923, and the Rev. Charles Walter Holdich, £1,300. We wonder which of the two was the better man of God!

Pampered Prisoners.

Here is a little story, as told to us by one of the guards of a prisoners' camp in London: A prisoner complained that he had been given a dirty spoon, and was told that he was lucky to get one at all—whereupon an officer came up and apologised for the rudeness of the attendant, and asked the Hun's favourite brand of cigarettes—which was at once supplied!

Bank Brigands.

Our exposure of the Banks as "merely glorified pawnbrokers," at present improperly in possession of vast sums of money in the shape of dormant balances and unclaimed securities, is bearing fruit, and we notice, with satisfaction, the view of the *Daily Express* that "the British banks have never done their full duty to the nation." But their days are numbered.

We Beg to Ask ——

Is Count Gleichen still in the Intelligence Department of the War Office? If so, surely Lord Milner can find this Royal and gallant officer some other job.

Racing.

If for any legitimate war reason racing is undesirable, let racing stop—but don't let us have any more camouflaged cant about the matter.

Nobel's and Discharged Soldiers.

It is pleasing to know that all cause for discontent amongst discharged soldiers employed by this firm has been removed, and that everything in the garden is now lovely.

Sent Empty Away.

What is this we hear about a recent Order that sailors and soldiers are not to be supplied with food in Y.M.C.A. Huts in London after 9.30, unless holding a travelling pass? Really, Sir Francis Lloyd ——!

"Almost Persuaded."

Apropos of our recent statement that we are "almost persuaded" to seek re-entrance to Parliament, a reader reminds us of what Agrippa said to Paul, and Paul's reply: "I wish thou wast altogether persuaded." So do we!

A Suggestion.

Cassell's Saturday Journal suggests that when we return to Parliament we should sit for twenty constituencies, "and thus keep nineteen bores out of the House." Besides, we should count 40 on a Division!

How Wicked!

Somebody has sent us a copy of an old number of the *Manchester Guardian*, containing a long advertisement of a lottery with £21,000 in prizes. And yet doubtless that journal would decline to publish details of the Editor's War Savings Prize scheme.

Viceregal Vagaries.

From a London paper—same day, same page: "Mr. Walter Long, the Colonial Secretary, has simply come to Dublin on a private visit to the Viceroy." "Viscount French, the Irish Viceroy, has arrived in London." How *do* these things get into the papers?

We Wonder!

In the recent air-raid nearly 150 readers registered under our Free War Insurance scheme were either injured or sustained damage to property. The bulk of these claims have already been paid, whilst the remainder are being settled. We wonder when the Government will pay a penny.

Time He Went.

Redruth Guardians went out of their way to secure a further three months' exemption for their Workhouse Master, who is only 32, and single. A more creditable, a more decent step would be to advertise a vacancy in the mastership, to fill which only discharged Service men need apply. That young pet of theirs must stand aside for a man who has *been*.

An Unkept Promise.

It was a bad blow for women munitioners at Lincoln to be told, on the Wednesday before Whitsun, that there would be no railway vouchers as promised, and that anybody going home for the holidays would have to pay full fare. The males, even the single men, were indulged as usual. In the matter of restricted railway travel the burden seems placed on the wrong shoulders every time.

Explanation Needed.

Almost inconceivable was the action of the Labour Exchange at Canning Town in sending to Dublin from London a man who found no work when he got there. He is an ex-soldier of over eight years' service, his wife is left at home awaiting remittances, and he is stranded in Dublin, with only the workhouse in front of him. We are utterly at a loss to understand how the situation was created.

Church Organists.

The grievances of church organists are not a war matter, but are of old standing. First and foremost is the complaint that the man who plays the organ is never sure of his job, being liable to be turned off by a new Vicar after long years of faithful service. He has no remedy, and must lose his berth, and his teaching connection in the parish, and start life afresh. The Church should treat its servants better than that.

A Breach of Faith.

It was a Government promise that no more worn out Army horses should be sold to Arabs and others in the East. The fate of such animals had been too awful in the past to admit of repetition. Yet 150 Government horses were advertised for sale in Palestine on May 13th last. The perpetrator of this breach of faith requires to be routed out. The Army does not need to make a few pounds by selling the possibilities of torture.

More Crime than One.

Two wrongs don't make a right, and it was very wrong for a woman to absent herself from work on the land away down at Thorpe, near Chertsey. But it was considerably worse for the authorities to starve her by withholding her rations after she was back at work and waiting to be "crimed." Had it not been for the self-sacrificing charity of others, she would have been absolutely without food. Is that the way to treat women?

Secret History of the Week.

Our sprightly contemporary the *Weekly Dispatch* recently published an article headed "'Sportsmen' and Blind Anzac—Disgraceful Race Train Scene at Station." The article tells of a "train from Brighton, crammed tight with aliens and well-nourished bookmakers of military age," arriving at "Waterloo Station," and how these ruffians seized all the cabs, to the detriment of a blind New Zealander. How much truth there is in this little story we don't know. All we would point out is that trains from Brighton don't arrive at Waterloo.

A Sister to Assist Him.

It is hard to ask Lord French to look after Ireland *and* Mrs. Despard. But that lady and her friends are so vigorously advertising the fact that she is his Lordship's sister, in order to bolster up her praise of "Conchies" and her pleas for an unvictorious peace, that we think the Field Marshal should see to it that the dear old thing is taken care of.

With Compliments and Thanks.

Glad to see that our word in season to the Chief Constable of Gateshead has taken effect. The wife of the policeman serving in the Army, who was paid too much by the Watch Committee until the excess amounted to £19 14s. 10d., is not to be penalised by having 5s. deducted from her 7s. 1d. allowance every week. Instead, the debt has been cancelled. We congratulate the "Chief" on his courage and good sense.

"Printed in Saxony."

It would be interesting to have the name of the publishers of a picture postcard which has come into our possession. It has been posted from Hull, and was possibly purchased there. On the address side is printed, "Series 4006. Processed in Saxony," and the obverse picture represents a ploughing scene, beneath which is the poetic inscription, "Men of England, wherefore plough, The seed ye sow, another reaps." It is simply damnable that, after four years of war, British publishers should continue to be allowed to pour such a shameless enemy postcard into the shops for the gain of their own dirty pockets.

"Please Remember."

Who supervises the advertisements in the *Methodist Recorder*? And don't a good many of the fighting Methodists who read the paper want the gentleman kicked out? Here is an advertisement giving this message from the "Conchie" prisoners in Pentonville:—"Please remember in your prayers daily, 1,148 C.O.s in British prisons. Eighteen have already been released by death," and asking the readers what they are doing to end "this persecution." We are too busy praying for our brave lads in Germany to waste any prayers on Conchies.

A Lady Slanderer.

She is Miss D. K. Courtney, and she slandered soldiers' wives by saying there are women who dread the end of the war and the return to starvation wages, separation allowances having altered some poor districts till they were almost unrecognisable. Miss Courtney has no husband of her own, and does not know the heroic struggles of a soldier's wife to bring up, say, three growing children on an allowance of 28s. weekly. That woman prays every night for the end of the war and her loved husband's safe return.

Everyone Knew.

A gentleman who recently passed through Port Said on his way to England assures us that everybody there knew the exact movements of all ships. He had been ashore not more than five minutes when a stranger told him that a convoy was to leave at a certain time, and lo! it was so. On board the vessel on which he arrived in this country were some submarined sailors, who stated that five ships left Port Said, but one put back owing to engine trouble. The other four were sunk, and the commander of the U-boat asked the survivors what had become of the fifth. Evidently there are persons at Port Said who ought to be laid by the heels.

Inspect the Inspectors.

We are asked what is the National Service representative doing at Woolwich? If he has a look round he will find several suitable recruits book-keeping, time-keeping, and doing nothing in particular. The book-keeping and time-keeping can be done by women, and the Examiner who camouflages his masterly inactivity never will be missed.

Another Fire Scandal.

Near Swindon there was a big village fire. A huge range of farm buildings was entirely destroyed, together with ricks, machinery, and 36 pigs. Swindon Fire Brigade was telephoned for, but "was not permitted to leave the Borough." It is an old story, told shamelessly once again, that of firemen who may not go to save life itself, if in danger, over the Borough boundary line. There were, thank God, soldiers on the spot, who worked all night like their own dear selves, without worrying about the job being outside their drill.

An Important Rule.

The maxim that "ignorance of the law is no excuse" applies with full force to the shifting Regulations of the National Service Department. Therefore, it cannot be too strongly emphasised that exempted men must now make application for renewal not later than the 14th day *before* the expiration of their period of grace. Much inconvenience and a good deal of hardship have already resulted from neglect to observe this altered rule.

W.A.A.C.s Verboten.

We have it from "A Khaki Girl with the British Expeditionary Force" that no private in the W.A.A.C. may enter any French *café* which sells wines or spirits. "In this part of France," she tells us, "there is not to my knowledge any *café* which does not sell wines; consequently there is no place where we can have a meal outside the billets. The one corps to have this restriction enforced against them is the W.A.A.C." These Grundy-cum-Stiggins restrictions insult their intelligence and stigmatise their character.

Long-Service Specials.

A certain Special we wot of joined the police in September, 1914, at 41. From then till now he has done (almost wholly) street duty three nights a week from after eight at night to after 12 midnight; and under the new Military Service Act he must, when medically graded, either remain a Special or go into the Army. "As a Special's work is honorary, and very tiring, work," he urges, "is it fair to put such men as myself on the same basis as the man of my age (44 years) who has done nothing for his country in his spare time?" Certainly we think that long service Specials should be allowed to remain as Specials.

Stanley's Stunt.

A typical infliction under Sir Arthur Stanley's season ticket stunt:—One of our readers, who cultivates a farm in Hockley, Essex, has a daughter engaged on "useful Government work in London." Hitherto her season ticket has cost £1 17s. 6d. a quarter, and she will now have to resign her position because her small salary will not stand the extra strain of the increased price, £4 10s. 3d.—as the half-rate privilege is also withdrawn. Her resignation won't upset the Government, and there are harder cases—cases of small clerks with big families—but as an instance it is indicative of the severe hardship of this outrageous levy.

The Everlasting Muckers.

An interesting railway wagon passed through from Manchester to Fallowfield, G.C.R., on the 10th of May. Its label explained its interest, for it boldly recorded that its contents were :—"120 putrid carcases, Canterbury Lamb." You know now that some of the meat you do not get is running about on the railroad, rotten.

Barberous.

There is a shop in Aldgate High Street where tobacco is sold; a barbering business is tacked on to it. The profits should be satisfactory—to the proprietor, whose name and nationality are not indicated. A soldier went in for a hair-cut, shampoo, and shave. They put two hot towels to his head and sprinkled some hair oil. He resisted blandishments to buy cream for his face, but the barber had the face to charge him 5s. 8d. Soldiers would be wise to note the tariff in Aldgate High Street.

A Father's Protest.

A soldier on active service in France has been annoyed by the receipt of a letter from the Home Office requiring him, out of his scanty pay, to contribute towards the support of his boy, who in the father's absence has been sent away to an Industrial School. We strongly advise him to ignore the demand—and, while we are on the subject, we take leave to suggest that where, as in the present case, a youngster has got out of hand through the absence of the father on military service, the order for detention should be only "for the duration of the war."

Mr. King, M.P., Again.

It seems that Mrs. "Maud Gonne," the Sinn Feiner, was arrested in Ireland while she was "driving home in company with her son, a lad of 17, and Mr. Joseph King, M.P." Mr. King, who misrepresents North Somerset, is the pernicious pacifist who keeps his memory green in the House of Commons—and one naturally asks, what was his special oar in this galley?

A Reflection of Rugby.

The Urban District Council at Rugby are playing fast and loose with the town's reputation for patriotism. At an inquest on two young officers killed in flying accidents, the C.O. stated that "he had wished to give one of the officers a military funeral at Rugby; but as he was not a Rugby man, the local authorities wished to charge £11 for the ground alone." That this miserable attitude reflects the wishes of the citizens we flatly decline to believe.

A Man-Power Hitch.

A correspondent, liable to be "called up" under the new Military Service Act, finds himself in a curious dilemma. On the one hand, he is unable to obtain civil employment owing to uncertainty as to the date of his call; while, on the other, he cannot join the Army at once, having to wait for medical examination in the prescribed order. Thus at the age of 48, and with considerable technical experience, he is kicking his heels in idleness. Really, Sir Auckland!

No Class.

"Wanted," advertises G. F. Butcher, Traction Depôt, Gloucester. "Drivers for Foden Steam Wagons, . . . This work secures certain exemption for all over 26." It is surprising to find such a statement in a newspaper advertisement. Nor is the announcement improved by this tag: "Only first-class men need apply." There will not be one first-class man among the applicants. They will be a low-down lot.

A Polemical Parson.

The Rev. W. P. Hains, Vicar of Eastrington Brough, is still on his hind legs, and foaming at the mouth over our recent references to his lack of Christian charity in dealing with the "sinners" of his parish. Finally, the reverend gentleman states that he contemplates "replying to us in his Magazine"—a terrible threat whose execution we await with all the fortitude we can muster.

Better Late than Never.

Last year we asked the British Museum to abolish certain notices in the German jargon, exhibited in lavatories and elsewhere. We now note, with complete satisfaction, that the offending inscriptions have recently been painted out. We compliment the Trustees on their acquiescence—tardy though it be.

A Timely Reminder.

This is the last week of our record "Bullets" offer. Hurry up if you want that £1,000.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Walter Long, M.P., Secretary of State for the Colonies.

DEAR MR. LONG,—It is to be hoped that you are keeping an eye on the speculation of alien land purchasers in what was once German East Africa. Unless contemplating the madness of returning such territories to the control of the Hun, it is clearly our policy to keep the road open for British enterprise to be applied, when the work of conquest is complete, to tasks of reconstruction. It will be a calamity if Germany is permitted to recover by financial intrigue what her arms have failed to defend.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. H. Lovell Clarke, Vicar of All Saints', Nottingham.

SIR,—Disappointed at the withdrawal of the clergy from the scope of the Man-Power Act, you have taken the bull by the horns and offered your services to the Army—not as a chaplain or for non-combatant duties, but as a private soldier in the fighting ranks. That you are in earnest is evident from the fact that you are resigning your living from the date of your enlistment—in order that, as you say, you may be "free to join with a clear conscience." Wherefore, good luck to you!

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes, M.P., Minister of National Service.

DEAR SIR AUCKLAND,—I venture to call your attention to that sinister travesty, the "calling-up" of the dead. The latest instance is reported from Leeds. "Eleven weeks ago," writes one of my correspondents, "my father died and left my mother with two young children to bring up. Naturally she has been grieving over my father's death, but yesterday she received another shock when his 'calling-up' papers arrived." There are the facts, which you can verify for yourself. If I were in your place, the official responsible for this hideous blunder would receive the shock of *his* life.

JOHN BULL.

To Superintendent Derham, Blackpool Police.

SIR,—Doubtless it is, as you say, what they do in Berlin. But not usually in England! To Englishmen it seems very Hunnish to stand a prisoner, alleged to be suffering with heart disease, on his head to see if he's shamming. If that's the sort of Superintendent you are, the sooner the Force sees the back of you the better. Why not go to the city whose methods you admire—and copy?

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Edwin Cornwall, M.P., Chairman, National Health Insurance Commissioners.

DEAR SIR EDWIN,—It has not escaped my notice that drastic alterations in the existing National Insurance scheme are to come into force next July, and I am not at all easy in my mind as to the effect of some of the proposed changes. Evidently your whole aim is to bolster up an insolvent project by a sweeping modification of "benefits," amounting in some instances to a flagrant breach of faith with the public. Frankly, I don't like this way of doing things. Surely it wasn't *your* idea.

JOHN BULL.

To the Military Commandant, Cornwallis Road Internment Camp, Holloway.

DEAR COMMANDANT,—News to me is that, given an *attaché* case and a business card, it is as easy to get into the Camp and into conversation with your particular crowd of Huns as it is to say bye-bye. Anything almost can be taken in and anything be got out, I am told. For instance, one might take in a new suit and bring out an old one, provide means of escape, and carry out all sorts of messages to further them. The notorious Ahlers, ex-Germhun Consul at Newcastle, one of your *internés*, still carries on his business quite comfortably, I hear. Where's De Laszlo, by the way—that inimical alien so long aristocratically protected? Heard he has left in a taxi with all his luggage. Gone to Brighton or Bournemouth for a holiday? Pardon my inquisitiveness.

JOHN BULL.

To the Lord Provost, Glasgow.

DEAR LORD PROVOST,—Despite that some of your unco' guids and uppish made a great fuss about the degradation to Glasgow of the Red Cross Carnival, organised by the Showmen's Guild, at Kelvingrove, I am glad to say there is no doubt that a considerable amount will be raised. Saintly and superior folk like Councillor Bruce Murray and Councillor Shinwell may have their opinion that "to try to raise money in this way for the Red Cross is patriotism of a very degrading kind," but they have abundant opportunities of beating the collection in a "holy" way. Can't you persuade them to get up a rival, or at least a competitive, Monster Red Cross Prayer Meeting and take round the hat?

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Milner, Secretary for War.

MY LORD,—Are you aware that the Totnes Volunteers have been turned out of their Drill Hall to make room for German prisoners, who are housed there while engaged on food production? Don't you think that it is an insult to the Volunteers, and isn't it an obvious danger to house Huns in a building where arms and ammunition are stored? Aren't the Government buildings in the neighbourhood, used by Tommies while training, good enough for the Huns?

JOHN BULL.

To Sheriff Menzies, Lerwick.

DEAR SHERIFF,—I can find no excuse for your cruel severity in the case of Grace Jamieson, a respectable woman 70 years of age. In procuring a little whisky for her sick son she had made certain mis-statements, but she bore an excellent character, and this trivial misdemeanour was her first. All things considered therefore, your sentence of 14 days' imprisonment, with no option of a fine, was a piece of sheer brutality. If you have a spark of conscience anywhere about you, the dishonoured grey hairs of that poor old mother should haunt you for years to come.

JOHN BULL.

DEFILING THE ALTAR.

TWO MORAL LEPERS AND A RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY.

FREDERICK SAMUEL WILLOUGHBY, who, whilst Vicar of St. John's, Stockton-on-Tees, was exposed in these columns, has been admitted to membership of the Roman Catholic Church; it can only be because the authorities of that communion are ignorant of the man's antecedents—not merely of the earlier stages in his infamy which has fastened upon his reputation. Whether this amazing rascal aspires, or has been admitted, to any priestly office under the authority of Rome, we are unable to say, but since his immoral hardihood is equal to almost any imposture, there once more devolves upon us the unpleasant duty of disclosing the man's real character, and warning his new associates that to come into contact with him is to touch contagious filth. The charges against the former Vicar of St. John's, Stockton, leading to his expulsion from the Church of England, were the subject of more than one paragraph in these columns during the summer of 1915. It was shown conclusively that he had used his position as a parish priest to corrupt and debauch boys and youths who, from their condition of pupilage in religious matters, were too prone to obey his vile behests. The immorality of the Stockton Vicar became a crying scandal, and the Bishop of Durham was compelled to take action. Willoughby had escaped the criminal dock, where he richly deserved to stand, but he was no longer an ordained priest of the Church of England.

A Pecksniffian "Prelate."

The next act of the sordid drama sees the disgraced prelate approaching the Old Catholic community, a sect claiming to be in the direct apostolic succession, and then owning more adherents in this country than the orthodox may imagine. To the Old Catholics, with an "Oratory" in Red Lion Square, W.C., this man in his extremity resorted; and they, ignorant of his character—the Church of England authorities, most unwisely, had done their best to hush the matter up—took him to their bosom. Playing his accustomed rôle of Pecksniff to perfection, Willoughby wormed his way into the confidence of his new associates, and was soon a "Bishop" among the Old Catholics. However, his preferment was of short duration. Scarcely had he grasped the crozier when we published another exposure, and the Old Catholics, to their honour, bundled him out neck and crop. Once more Willoughby was a moral outcast. His crimes had found him out.

Good Riddance.

Incidentally, his association with the Old Catholic community reft that body in twain, leaving the smaller portion—his adherents—well, less respectable than the other. Incredible as it may seem, Willoughby, whose faculty of inspiring confidence seems to have been almost mesmeric, had not only been lifted to the episcopate himself, but had actually before then "consecrated" other "Bishops," including a Mr. J. L. Wedgwood, who has since attained to a position of commanding influence among the new section of the Old Catholics. However, on discovering that the hands thus "laid on" were dripping with filth, the best elements among the O. C.s withdrew, the spectacle of a vile debauchee in episcopal orders being more than they could stand. "Bishop" Wedgwood, however, remained. At this point, another sinister name emerges. Willoughby having made a "Bishop" of Wedgwood, Wedgwood, in his turn, consecrated Leadbeater! Our readers will recall the name as that of the notorious Theosophist—the friend and confidant of Mrs. Annie Besant—whom some years ago we exposed in these columns on account of teaching an immoral practice, less heinous, however, than that of Willoughby—especially to a young Indian destined by the Theosophical fraternity to figure as a new Messiah. Yet the inculcator of this odious act and the new "Bishop" of the Old Catholics were one and the same man! With a full knowledge of the man's career—the revolting details having been made public—Wedgwood not only took the hand of Leadbeater in fellowship, but exalted him to a seat of authority in a community called Christian. Soon afterwards Leadbeater was packed off to Australia. Wedgwood is no fool, although that is about the only compliment we can pay him.

"'Ware Willoughby!"

When Wedgwood accepted consecration from Willoughby on February 13th, 1916, he can have been under no delusions as to the man's character. At that date his crimes were notorious. Months previously, we had received and published a letter from an influential section of the Old Catholic Church, thanking us for our "timely exposure" of Willoughby's "scandalous career," and recording the "horror and indignation" of Old Catholics at "his deception and gross immorality." Then came the schism among the O. C.s, and the scandal of Wedgwood's consecration! It is a squalid story, and we should not recall it, were it not for the fact that Willoughby is still at large, and unless we are mistaken, contemplating, if not actually practising, further sacrilegious impostures upon the devout public. This time, if we can help it, he shall not succeed. Some crimes are unpardonable, and the proved villainies of this man Willoughby are amongst the number.

THE MERCY OF THE MAGISTRATE.

TEMPERING THE WIND TO THE MOTHER OF TEN.

We have referred again and again to the fines inflicted on parents for not sending children regularly to school. But the time has come for a stronger protest. In the case before us, the woman—Mrs. Maud Mary Rawlings—is the mother of ten children. Her husband is fighting in France. She has to keep herself and the children on an allowance of £2 5s. a week. Like many other brave soldiers' wives, she does it. But, of course, she hasn't a penny over to spend on getting help in the household; and a household of eleven takes some looking after. So, occasionally, she keeps her daughter Nelly, aged 13, from school to help her. She has, surely, every moral right to do so. The girl is almost past her school years, and children hardly older than she is are working in Government factories. But Major W. H. Rawnsley, Chairman at the Alford Petty Sessions, thinks otherwise. He has no mercy on the overdriven mother struggling to fill eleven hungry mouths on a meagre allowance. The woman ought—great Heavens!—to be able to "afford to pay for help sometimes." The girl must go regularly to school, and the mother must be fined 5s.

Now this comfortable Magistrate is plainly as ignorant as he is harsh. He knows as little of the martyrdom of the poor as he does of the debt we owe to our soldiers on *active service*, or he would not have added insult to injury by saying that the woman's soldier husband was "a great expense to the State." What we think of Major Rawnsley is probably what our readers think of him, and what we should like to tell him in plain Saxon if we met him face to face. We should also like the Major and the mother to change places for a week. There would be some common sense on the Bench for once.

THE CANON EXPLODES.

HODGSON OF ASTON UNDERSTUDIES CHADBAND.

Canon Hodgson, Vicar of Aston, Birmingham, is a big gun in the Church, but we doubt not that he will be very small potatoes in Heaven. For he is a particularly offensive sort of anti-patriot. Speaking at a meeting in London of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the other day, he made statements calculated to discourage the public. He said he believed that the greed of England has gone far towards bringing discomfort on our troops. That's a lie! Our troops are not discomforted, and England has not been greedy. She entered this war for purer reasons than any nation ever had for going to battle. Then he said that "drunkenness in the early part of the war was, and even now is, impeding our progress." That is another lie which was long ago nailed to the board.

Finally, he went on to say that "one is a bit anxious about the future home life of England. Things seem somewhat to be disintegrated. There is a good deal of freedom in the language of the girls in our munition works; a good deal of what we call poison-gas, which has to be got rid of." Oh, yes, there's a deal of poison-gas, Mr. Canon, and you're a prime gasometer. How dare you so slander with silly hints and vile innuendoes the brave girls who are making the shells for our gallant soldiers? Free in their language? Yes, and no wonder when they have to work so hard and so long. And how about *your* language? "Free" isn't the word for it. It is a great pity that the religious "leaders" to whom the nation has the right to look in these crucial days for comfort and support should so often discourage and sicken, either by praise of the enemy or deprecation of our own worthiness of victory. The Archbishop of York and Canon Hodgson are but two of many.

BUMBLE *IN EXCELSIS*.

CHILD STEALING BY POOR LAW GUARDIANS.

The only shadow of excuse for Industrial School "kidnapping" advanced by the authorities is that to furnish parents with the addresses of children boarded out to service would be to risk their return to undesirable surroundings. In most instances this contention merely adds insult to injury—as in a case lately reported from Islington. Some years ago the mother of three little girls, the two elder girls aged 7 and 4 years respectively, was unexpectedly left a widow, and at last, after a desperate struggle to maintain the children, she was compelled to resort to the Poor Law authorities. The Shoreditch Guardians offered a harsh ultimatum. They would give her no assistance unless she agreed to hand the two girls over to their entire custody, to be dealt with at the will of "the parish." It was a cruel case of "needs must," and after painful hesitation the mother consented.

All this was eight years ago. In the interval the circumstances have entirely changed. The mother is married again, to a Mons hero, but without her children her happiness is incomplete. To cut the story short, she has applied to the Holborn Guardians, to whose charge the girls were some time ago transferred, with a view to their discharge—but the Board, although willing to release the younger daughter, now 12 years of age, decline to give any information whatever in regard to the elder one, now 15 years old, beyond the disquieting fact that she has been "adopted" under the provisions of the Poor Law Act. The poor child, it seems, was packed off to service, the mother being given no clue to her whereabouts. There is no suggestion of "undesirable surroundings," the mother and step-father being people of the most respectable character!

THE STAR-GAZER.

"Beholding Heaven, and feeling Hell."
(*Lalla Rookh.*—Tom Moore.)

PAMPERING THE CONCHIES.

FED ON THE BEST, AND DOING THE WORST.

Breakfast: 1 pint of porridge, 1 pint of cocoa, ½ oz. of margarine, 3 ozs. of bread, 3 ozs. of corned beef, 4 oz. of potatoes. Dinner: 6 oz. of meat (uncooked), 8 ozs. of potatoes or substitute (peas, beans, etc.), ½ lb. of pudding, 3 oz. of bread. Tea: 1 pint of tea, ½ oz. of margarine, 2 ozs. of jam, 3 ozs. of bread. "Fish is alternatively served for five dinners out of the seven, and fresh fish from Grimsby substituted for sausages." And that, ladies and gentlemen, is how our Conchies at Princetown feed. Or, rather, that's the minimum. They can, and do, buy lots of extras—including about 140 loaves a day. And they insult wounded British soldiers whenever they think it's safe. For example, the other day two stalwart Conchies of Princetown jeered at a Tommy who had lost a foot. One of the Conchies was—can you imagine it?—a prizefighter! So *he* thought he was safe in bullying a crippled man. But he wasn't. A young officer who was with the soldier tackled him and trounced him soundly, though another non-resister came along with a stick, and hammered the officer over the head and face.

This is the sort of fellow we are pampering with easy conditions and more liberal rations than ordinary patriotic men and women can get. Small wonder that the people of Knutsford have gone hot and strong for the Conchies quartered there, and have succeeded in getting them removed—although some, we are sorry to hear, are to be released if they have jobs of any kind to return to! Strange to relate, here again the non-resisters fought back. Why is it that they will fight English people, when they won't fight Huns? But there is a test for you! Any man who will use his fists or a weapon in self-defence is plainly not a bona-fide non-resister; and every such man should be carted off at once to the firing-line. As for the rest, their rations should at least be cut down to the amount upon which the pathetic portion of the nation have to live.

A CROSS COMPETITOR.

AN AMAZING AFFAIR AT A FAIR.

"All's fair," says the cynic, "in love and war," to which some people from whom we differ, would add "and in charity." In December last, a Great Tombola and Fair was held at the Albert Hall in aid of Miss Lena Ashwell's scheme of Concerts for our men at the Front. In connection with the "tombola," or lottery, a number of substantial prizes were offered, the tickets being priced at 5s. apiece. To come at once to the point of our protest, the thirteenth prize in the list—*absit omen*—was described as a "Diamond and Chalcedony Cross," the work of a well-known Regent Street firm, stated by the Secretary of the Tombola to have been valued by the makers at £28. Since the date of the lottery, this curious article—much too big for the watch-chain, though hardly large enough to hang on the wall—has found its way into our possession, with interesting results. In the meantime, however, the Tombola Committee had seen fit to amend their original description of the Cross. "The stones of which it is made," wrote the Secretary in reply to a protest from the prize winner, "are Chalcedony and White Topaz. I am afraid, therefore, it was our mistake in advertising Diamonds instead of White Topaz."

Evidently the Committee were hedging; but the winner of the Cross was scarcely prepared for the frank and brutal statement of a well-known West End firm of jewellers, to whom he submitted his prize for sale, that "the Cross was composed of paste and glass," being therefore "of little value, say under £5." Finally, a reliable City firm to whom we ourselves submitted the precious "jewel," have offered us 10s. for it, with the slightly more favourable suggestion that "the white stones are sapphires of very poor quality, the blue stones indefinable, and the frame silver with a slight coating of gold." We leave the Tombola Committee to discover through whose fault their charitable activities have been exhibited in such an unfavourable light.

A WAR SAVINGS SCANDAL.

METHODS THAT DISCOURAGE THRIFT.

Boys and girls at the Linacre Council School, Bootle, were lately invited to invest, or to persuade their parents to do so, in a War Savings scheme, under the superintendence of the Headmaster. For a time all went merrily as a marriage bell, a good number of certificates being purchased; but now, alas, to continue the musical metaphor, there is a sad rift within the lute—or, in the vernacular, a devil of a row. To say the very least of it, the accounts have evidently got into a disgraceful muddle; there have been grave irregularities in the payment of interest, and the poor Headmaster has been driven almost to distraction in his efforts to keep up appearances. Meanwhile, the Mayor of Bootle, Dr. Pearson, has been imported on to the scene, with a commission to bring order out of chaos; but this gentleman, unfortunately, appears to lack the saving grace of courtesy, and his efforts so far have merely served to enhance the difficulties of the situation. There has been a misappropriation of the funds of the School War Savings Association, the culprit being a woman of some social standing, formerly engaged at the school.

It is satisfactory to know that no moral blame attaches to the Headmaster, although we are by no means favourably impressed by the methods adopted to clear up the muddle, to say nothing of the want of supervision which made it possible for public money to be mishandled in this way. However, we gather that influential friends of the guilty person have now replaced the whole of the sum missing, and we hope soon to hear that claims to interest have been fully met—without further cajoling or browbeating of the parents—and proper safeguards adopted for the future.

A LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY.

STRIKING STORY OF PATERNAL CARE FOR YOUNG.

Blessed are the fortunate, for they shall be all right. While the fit sons of other people have been called to fight and fall, and while the 51st and 56th Methusaliers of every home in the land may in any new spasm of the Ministry be summoned to the Colours, a young Grade 1 man—who was an officer in the Hull Territorial Force, but somehow found an intuitive exit out of it before war was declared—has remained safe and exempt ever since. Considering that we have been for four years engaged in a life or death grapple with the Hun, this is a wonderful performance. One of the few classic humorists of the Hun is Heine, who said long ago that whatever else a man did in the world he should be careful in the selection of his parents. Let us say it, if even with bated breath—young Mr. Gelder knew a thing or two when he selected his father, Sir Alfred Gelder, M.P. for Brigg. For he has been his shield and his buckler. Thanks to the unwearying efforts of father, he has been able to keep out of the war. Though the exemption of Gelder the son of Gelder was withdrawn; though he has been called up under the new Act; though he is Grade 1—even the local Tribunal was so overwhelmed by such a son of such a father being called up that they adjourned the case for seven days to see what father would do. And while the National Service representative was not pressing, father was not inactive. If the young man could not be rescued once again, he would have to go. While there's life there's hope; while there's a Ministry of Munitions there's a home; and thus it was that when the local Tribunal met again, "they were informed they would not be troubled with the case, as the Ministry of Munitions had renewed the certificate." The cards had been played; the fluence had worked. The trick had come off. Though all the grandfathers (and grandmothers) may have to march to war. Gelder the son of Gelder must be saved!

A WICKED WAR

Scandal of a Machine Gun—Cabinet Orders Ignored

By THE

THIS is the story of a gun; it is also the story, told again for the thousandth time, of crass inaptitude, red-tape, and, for aught we know, of some hidden and sinister influence behind the scenes, which has characterised the whole history of this war. I am not sure that it might not also be described as the story of how hundreds of thousands of our flesh and blood have been sacrificed on the altar of official muddle and incompetence. I am about to give you the history of a great weapon of war, which I shall avoid all suspicion of advertising by studiously withholding the actual name and referring to simply as a Danish machine-gun—incidentally reminding you that this is essentially a war of machine-guns, both on land and sea, and in the air. And, by way of further preliminary observation, let me say at once that I am not out to proclaim the merits of any invention which has been turned down by the experts, but, on the contrary, I am concerned solely with something as to the merits of which all competent authority is agreed—the Small Arms Committee of the Ministry of Munitions, the Machine Gun School in France in 1915, the War Cabinet, Lord Kitchener, Lord French, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Winston Churchill (the two last-mentioned in their capacity as Ministers of Munitions) having been convinced of its merits. I need not say that I make no claim to expert knowledge in such a matter, but I have taken great pains to ascertain the facts before assuming the responsibility, which I now do, of launching a grave and solemn indictment against certain Government officials—whom, without any further beating about the bush, I accuse of being responsible for withholding from our boys in the trenches a weapon which was ready to their hands, proved and tested both here and in France, and the use of which would, beyond any doubt, have enormously shortened the duration of the war, and as a result have greatly curtailed our casualties.

What the German Command Know.

Need I recall those wonderful stories which have reached us from time to time of how one of such guns has upon many an occasion saved a whole battalion from annihilation—of how it has held up the advance of the enemy, has saved many a vital salient and many a critical situation? Look at the roll of the V.C.s—and you will then realise the part which the machine-gunner has played, and is still destined to play, in this ghastly business. Well, at present, as far as I understand it, the British Army uses three, and three only, of such guns—the Vickers, the Hotchkiss, and the Lewis. As regards the last-mentioned, it is an American invention—which America has discarded; whilst the Hotchkiss, which owes its origin to France, is no longer found in the French Army. So far as the Lewis gun is concerned, I certainly give no information to the enemy when I say that it weighs nearly 30 lbs., and that the weapon is over-heated after 800 to 1,000 rounds of continuous rapid firing. It is then out of action for about half-an-hour, whilst cooling down. Up to that point it has been effective in breaking the enemy advance, but then comes the opportunity for fresh "waves" to appear upon the scene and press home the attack whilst the bulk of the guns are out of action. And I am assured that the German Command are fully alive to this state of things, and that they deliberately base their tactics upon such knowledge—indeed, it is an axiom amongst them to sacrifice the first "waves" in order to "heat the British guns." Practically the same considerations apply to the Hotchkiss gun—which, I am told, has been turned down by the American Army as a general service weapon. As regards the Vickers gun, one does not require to be an expert to know that it is too heavy—its weight being nearly 70 lbs.—to be brought over the top for attack or counter-attack, and that it cannot be quickly thrown on to the parapet to face an infantry attack after having been kept under cover during the preliminary artillery bombardment. It was in these circumstances that, in the early days of the war, the attention of our Government was called to a Danish machine-gun, free from any of the disadvantages to which I have referred. I have no intention of entering into technical details, and the claims of the invention which I am about to mention are based upon the unanimous reports of all the various expert bodies and authorities to whom I have already referred. The gun can keep up practically continuous rapid firing for an unlimited time—a second barrel, with complete breach, being carried in a scabbard on the rifleman's belt, so that as one barrel gets heated it may be replaced by another, without tools and with bare hands, and in any position, in about fifteen seconds. As a matter of fact, I have seen this operation carried through—and it is an admitted fact that this particular gun can fire 18,000 rounds per hour, although it is only about five pounds heavier than an ordinary rifle. If only Tommy had been armed with such a weapon during the recent German push! However, these are all details with which we need not be concerned to-day. Suffice it to say that, after the most exhaustive tests, *everybody* was convinced of the merits of the gun, with the result that in 1915 Lord Kitchener ordered 2,000, and that in the same year Mr. Lloyd George, as Minister of Munitions, and with the unanimous approval of the Army Council and the gunnery experts, ordered a further 5,000—whilst in April of the same year Mr. Winston Churchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty, on the recommendation of the Director of Naval Ordnance, after exhaustive trials, placed an order for 400. Well—would you believe it?—up to the present moment not one of these orders has been executed—not one gun has been delivered, although a factory was put up in this country for the express purpose and can be restarted at any moment! But the fault does not lie with the manufacturers. No sooner had Lord Kitchener given his order for 2,000 than the Master General of Ordnance—then General von Donop—reduced it to 500.

Beginning of the Scandal.

Now about the 5,000 ordered by Mr. Lloyd George. Here we come to closer grips with one of those home scandals which have been such a heart-breaking feature of the whole conduct of the war. The manufacture of the guns was placed in the hands of a well-known English firm, under licence from the Danish owners, and with their expert assistance. Would you believe it that when, in March, 1916, the factory was practically complete and in working order, it was actually closed down by direction of Sir Arthur Duckham, of the Machine Gun Supply Department of the Ministry of Munitions, under the following pretexts: (1) that the factory was needed for making aero engines; (2) that the production of small-arms ammunition could not keep pace with the production of machine guns, and that therefore the manufacture of such guns must be decreased! (3) that it would take from six to twelve months before any considerable output of the new guns could be obtained—and that *before then the war would certainly be over!* Was there ever such a farrago of official nonsense? Let me remind you that this was no experimental weapon—the product of the brain of some well-meaning but wild inventor. The Commandant of the Machine Gun School of the British Army in France had already laid it down that it was "mechanically sound, well-constructed, and not subject to failure," and he concluded his report to the Government with the significant phrase, "I recommend this gun strongly to your notice, and suggest that a number of them be ordered for issue to units." And I could quote numerous other certificates to the same effect. I understand that Sir A. Duckham has now succeeded Sir Wm. Weir as Director of Aeroplane Construction—and I can only hope that he will not carry his methods of procedure into the new Department. In the meantime, I call upon him to explain by what authority, and upon what grounds, he apparently vetoed the order of his chief, and thus deprived the British Army of an effective weapon against the brutal foe. I have often complained of the interference by the politician in the work and sphere of the soldier and the sailor; but here we are up against a new aspect of the same problem—namely, arbitrary interference on the part of the subordinate official with the declared purpose of the department of which he is a servant. I am wondering whether the War Cabinet of the time ever discovered the way in which its deliberate policy and its orders were thwarted, and whether there is not some ex-

OFFICE BLUNDER.

What Happened in 1915—Call for a Full Inquiry.

EDITOR.

member of that body to whom my revelations will come as a surprise, and who will have the courage and independence to raise the matter in Parliament. As regards the excuse that the works of the motor-car company were required for aeroplane purposes, I have evidence in my possession that the Danish people offered to equip, at their own expense, a complete factory in this country for turning out any number of guns—50,000 of them might by now have been in the hands of our troops—and again I ask, what has Sir A. Duckham to say for himself?

Distinguished General's Lame Excuse.

I should also like to put a question to the General who, I understand, is now the only man who is preventing the troops obtaining this weapon, and who, according to my information, offered a no less fatuous excuse for the non-adoption of this gun than that "it might interfere with existing systems of training"—adding the complacent reflection that "present Service weapons are good enough for our requirements." This information comes from a distinguished officer at the Front, a Brigadier-General, who declares that our present weapons are "hopelessly inefficient," and pleads for the ventilation of this scandal, both through the Press and Parliament. Don't let it be imagined for a moment that anything has happened to change the view of the experts as to the merits of this particular gun. Only a few weeks ago further demonstrations were given in the presence of machine gun officers of the whole of the London Command, the results being received with enthusiasm and amazement by everyone there. And the present Minister of Munitions, Mr. Winston Churchill, is as desirous as was his predecessor of obtaining a supply. What, then, is the explanation of the mystery? What is the influence which has been at work during the past three years to deprive our Army of this valuable weapon? It is not for me to impute motives—and I prefer to ascribe brainless ineptitude and incompetency as the reply. It is, however, vitally essential that we should know the truth, and I would suggest, now that Parliament has re-assembled, that the Government should be interrogated and made to answer. Let there be no more official *camouflage* about "the public interest"—"information to the enemy," and all the rest of it. The least which we at home can do is to see that they who are fighting for us are furnished with the best weapons which science and money can produce; and I say, with deliberation and a full sense of responsibility, that here is one more of the scandals of the war. Can you wonder that inventors are discouraged and disgusted in their dealings with Whitehall? Can you wonder that Germany is holding us in the West?

Our Duty to the Fighting Men.

To-day the air warfare is the most important part of this terrible offensive. This gun, if it is the gun the experts say it is, would be invaluable to our airmen, and, according to the experts, it is an aerial weapon superior in all respects to the Lewis gun, save for a few modifications which can easily be carried out. Why is it not in the hands of every one of our splendid fellows who have wrested from the enemy the ascendency in the air, and who have a right to demand that we who stay at home and enjoy the security which their heroic sacrifices afford shall make it a national duty to equip them with the best weapons and a crime to withhold them? It is often urged that our politicians fail from lack of imagination; that this war would have been foreseen if those who rule in Whitehall had not been so mentally blind, and that a greater power of visualising the forces arrayed against us would have meant a speedier end to the struggle. There is justification for the indictment, and this scandal of the Danish gun is only a repetition of the scandal of unpreparedness for which we have paid so grievously in blood and money. Who does not recall the frantic attempts of the few men who saw the coming storm to secure for the country the lead in acroplane construction, and the stolid determination of the Ministers of that time to let things take their course, and to refuse to be hurried along the path of ascendency and efficiency? Why, only the other day I was turning over the pages of accusing Hansard, and I found that the War Minister of June, 1913, was proudly boasting that we had no fewer than 81 effective machines—a little more than double the German squadron engaged in the recent offensive against the Metropolis! Our backwardness in aeroplane construction was a scandal, the effects of which remain to this day. Just as those who are responsible for this wonderful Danish machine gun have fought and fought in vain against crass stupidity and red-tape, so the aircraft manufacturers not only before, but since the war, have had a tale to tell of departmental jealousy and muddle, of deliberate interference and of carefully-prepared methods for thwarting initiative and enterprise. Only the strength of public opinion, expressed first in the Press and afterwards reflected in Parliament, has given us to-day the wonderful output of aeroplanes and the splendid air force which is the glory of the country, and the mutual pride of our Allies. Surely we have had enough of scandals. The time has come when the nation has a right to expect that Governments and departments, officials—yes, and even distinguished officers—shall conduct their business with imagination as well as experience; that the crippling and throttling influences of red-tape shall disappear. And if there still be those who have not yet learned the business of Government and the claims of war, then let them be retired into the well-deserved obscurity of private life.

Call for a Full Inquiry.

This story of the neglected Danish gun is one that cannot be read without a sense of disgust—yes, and of shame. If my facts are accurate—and I have no reason to doubt them—then I say that they reveal a condition of things which can only be elucidated by a thorough inquiry. And such an inquiry the Government should order forthwith. A few perfunctory replies in the House of Commons will not satisfy the public mind, and it will be well for Mr. Macpherson not to exercise his growing ingenuity in framing them. The idea that because we are in the middle of the greatest war the world has known we must be content with such weapons as happen to be to hand, and dare not introduce into the Army a machine gun whose greatest virtue is its capacity to kill and whose only vice is that it is new, is as shameful as it is ridiculous. Moreover, I can state that nearly ten years ago the Hythe School of Musketry recommended the War Council to adopt this gun, and that every battalion in the Army should be furnished with thirty-two of them. Yet our Expeditionary Force left England in 1914 with only two machine guns per battalion—and those were of a heavy type unsuitable for mobile warfare. At that inquiry both Sir Arthur Duckham and the General should be called to give an account of their stewardship—the one to justify his amazing conduct and the other his astounding opinion. I have dealt with this matter at some length because I happen to be in possession of the fullest evidence in support of the charges I have made, and because I am satisfied that the case is typical of scores of others which come before me every week. Only the other day, for instance, I heard of a wonderful invention—a periscope attachment to the ordinary service rifle which would enable a soldier to fire from the trenches without exposing himself to the enemy. I do not profess to know anything of the technical merits of the contrivance, but I do know that the official reason given for turning it down was that as the whole Army could not be supplied at the same time, dissatisfaction might be caused amongst those of the troops not fortunate enough to be furnished with it! It is the old, old story of the narrow official mind, devoid of imagination, and bound by red tape. In Heaven's name, let us have a reorganisation of our Government on the lines I have already suggested—a Cabinet consisting of the heads of all public Departments, with an Inner Council of tried war experts, to whom should be left the entire conduct of the war—and whose every request should be a command not to be questioned or argued about by politicians, civil servants, or permanent officials—and meanwhile support the soldier in his fight with officialdom.

BITTER INJUSTICE.

DR. COLLIE AND A CANCELLED PENSION.

A painful pensions case has been brought to our notice, the victim being Mr. John Johnson, a surveyor, formerly employed by the L.C.C. It seems that in November, 1915, Johnson attested under the Derby Scheme, and in due course was posted to the Russian Armoured Car Section. The winter was the coldest experienced in Russia for 40 years—and, finally, he contracted influenza and pneumonia. In February, 1916, he was returned to England, and detained for six months in hospital in Truro, where his condition seems to have puzzled the doctors, especially certain alarming nervous symptoms which had developed. These grave indications—acute pain, and partial paralysis—have been treated with apparent indifference by one or two of the doctors concerned, notably by Sir John Collie, Medical Officer to the L.C.C., who happens also to be attached in an advisory capacity to the Ministry of Pensions. We have dealt candidly with Dr. Collie in the past, and we venture once more to suggest that he is temperamentally unfitted for either of these important positions. Apparently Dr. Collie formed the extraordinary opinion that Johnson was a malingerer—malingering is an obsession amounting almost to monomania with this knighted medico—and the poor man, who, as we ourselves can testify, is utterly unfit for any regular labour, has now received a notice from the Ministry of Pensions cancelling his award of £1 16s. 10d. a week. This conclusion has, we understand, been arrived at without reference to Johnson's own doctor, and without any special examination which, to any fair-minded Board, would have demonstrated the man's unfitness beyond question. These hole-and-corner methods are grossly unfair.

SWEATING BY ORDER.

GOVERNMENT'S UNDERPAID WOMEN CLERKS.

Not yet have the authorities learnt that sweating is never so vile as when practised in a Government office. Often enough the boss jobs are overpaid, and the under-dog has to try to restore the balance. Skilled women-clerks at the Ministry of Pensions are getting only 30s. a week. That may have been a living wage before the war. It is a starvation wage now. And many of these women are highly-skilled workers—one of them was formerly the private secretary of a very well-known woman of Society. It may be urged that some of them have private means, and that others, soldiers' wives, have their separation allowance. True enough—though that's nobody's concern but their own. And what about the others? How are *they* to live? We do not suppose for a moment that Mr. Hodge would give his girls the answer which was given to an employee by a dirty West End shopkeeper when she asked him how she was to live on her miserable pittance. And yet is not that the logical answer while this sweating goes on? It is true that for a long time the women have been promised a war bonus. We want to know when they are to get it. What is more, some three hundred of them are working in Sloane Square, in premises which were formerly a draper's shop, which have no ventilation; which are filthily dirty, and which smell like the monkey-house at the Zoo. Until lately the clerks have been allowed to go out in the afternoon for half an hour to get tea and fresh air. But now, in order that they may get full benefit from their salubrious offices, they are forbidden to leave the building, and must take their tea (still at their own expense) in a noisome underground dungeon. We think that Mr. Hodge had better pay a little surprise visit to Sloane Square.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"MORNING POST" (advertisement):—
"Young Married Lady, wife of ANY Army officer . . . would be glad to hear of remunerative post."

"BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO":—
"According to credible information, it is now known that BEHIND the Franco-British line the enemy has now concentrated 80 divisions."

"DAILY MAIL" (Continental Edition):—
"He (the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs) also referred to the admiration of the Belgians for American organisation and scientific methods and particularly for the valuable AID unstintingly offered from high humanitarian motives to oppressed Belgium."

"MERCANTILE GUARDIAN":—
"There are always more ways of HANGING a dog besides KILLING him."

"GLASGOW CITIZEN" (advertisement):—
"WIDOW has bed-sitting-room TO SHARE; YOUNG MAN PREFERRED."

"FEATHERED WORLD" (advertisement):—
"Hon. Mrs. ——, HAVING FINISHED HATCHING, offers all Eggs from her noted laying and exhibition light Sussex."

"STAR":—
"As RED HERRINGS are already FLOATING IN THE AIR, it is well to repeat the precise charge with which Mr. Lloyd George is faced."

"BRIDLINGTON FREE PRESS":—
"Rodin's sculptural masterpiece, the 'Six BURGLARS of Calais,' has been dismounted from its pedestal."

PERTH THEATRE (poster):—
"For ADULTS ONLY. Jas. B. Fagan's London Company in 'Damaged Goods.' ALL CHILDREN MUST BE PAID FOR."

30,000 NEW ENROLMENTS.

Wonderful Progress of "Pelmanism."

In four months more than 30,000 men and women have enrolled for a Pelman Course!

Nothing could show more plainly the growing strength of this new movement—a movement which is of infinite importance both to the individual and to the nation.

Every new Pelmanist not only means another individual to whom the Road to Success (as *Truth* christened it) has been thrown open, but also an addition to the nation's resources in the fight for supremacy in Peace and War.

Business and professional men and women are every day testifying to the remarkable value of "Pelmanism" in practical life; all ranks of the Army and Navy—from General and Admiral to private and A.B.—are equally emphatic in praise of it. There is no class or vocation in these islands which has not testified to the manifold advantages derived from the adoption of Pelman principles.

Financial gain, business promotions, professional advancement, social advantages, scholastic and intellectual facilities—these are some of the many advantages which other men and women are reaping from a few hours' study of this fascinating system.

What would *you* gain from it: you yourself can only say after a perusal of the literature which is offered free and post free, upon application to the address given.

Clerks, typists, salesmen, tradesmen, and artisans are benefiting in the form of increased salaries and wages. Increases of 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. in salary are quite frequently reported; in several cases 300 per cent. is mentioned as the increase of salary due to Pelmanism!

Professional men find that "Pelmanising" results not only in an immense economy of time and effort, but also in vastly more efficient work.

It says something for Pelmanism when members of such different professions as solicitors, doctors, barristers, clergymen, architects, journalists, accountants, musicians, and schoolmasters have all expressed their emphatic appreciation of the value of Pelmanism as a means of professional advancement.

In fact, everybody is studying these wonderful "little grey books" in which the principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly explained: "Pelmanism"—that extraordinary new force in modern life—the "cardinal factor of success," to quote TRUTH'S telling phrase.

If you do not know the "little grey books," if you are not a Pelmanist, you should hasten to make up for lost time. "Nobody who has not studied these books," says an ardent Pelmanist, "can conceive the immeasurable benefits resulting from them."

"A single one of them would be cheap to me at a hundred pounds," declares a solicitor. "As a direct consequence of them I gained a step in promotion," writes a Lieut.-Colonel.

Many clerks, shop assistants, and salesmen tell how they doubled and trebled their incomes as the result of a few weeks' study of the Pelman Course. Tradesmen tell of "record turnover" and 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. increase in profits. The latest batch of reports from Pelman students (including men and women of all occupations in life) show that less than one per cent.—not one in a hundred!—failed to gain substantial advantages from the Pelman Course.

And all at the price of a half-hour or so a day for a few weeks! It sounds too good to be true; but there are thousands of letters to prove that it is absolutely true. There is not a class, not a business or trade or profession in these islands in which Pelmanism has not proved itself a wonderful help to success. That is to say, a means of increasing efficiency and developing "braininess" to such a degree that promotion and a bigger salary follow as surely as night follows day.

Women are particularly keen on Pelmanism; it has proved such an enormous help to them in "getting on" in business. Many of them describe it as "the best investment ever made."

Moreover, they find it a truly fascinating study. "I am genuinely sorry the course has finished. I have found it so absorbingly interesting as well as profitable." These are the exact words used by students of the Pelman Course.

TRUTH has lately made another report upon the progress of Pelmanism amongst various classes, and confesses it would be impossible to name a business, profession, or vocation in which there were not hundreds of Pelman students.

By writing to-day to the Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1, you will receive, gratis and post free, a copy of "Mind and Memory," in which the Pelman Course is fully described and explained. The Course is taught by post, and can be studied anywhere and at any time—at home, in the office, at lunch, in the train. There is nothing "technical," difficult, or tiresome about it. You will find the study a source of real pleasure, as well as of immense life-long benefit. Remember, "Mind and Memory" will cost you nothing, and with it you will receive also a free copy of TRUTH'S famous Report, which has been described as "an amazing document," full of the most absorbingly interesting facts about Pelmanism, and containing many letters from people who have benefited by it. Both books are free of cost. Write to the above address to-day.

[ADVT.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

(Dealing also with the discharged sailor and soldier and their dependents, in co-operation with the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers.)

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Starving in the Midst of Plenty:—The boys of the K.O.Y.L.I., at Berehaven, in the South of Ireland, tell us that, though in the land of the spud, they seldom see a potato, and that they are half-starved. We expect that we shall next hear that soldiers in Newcastle never see a cob of coal.

Food for Cogitation:—Some of our soldiers at Lewisham have purchased in the shops of the local tobacconists cigarettes which bear the following wording: "Capstan Navy Cut: Medium: W. D. & H. O. Wills. Made for Australian Red Cross." We wonder how those cigarettes got into the hands of the local traders.

Kinmel Once More:—We hope that the little cloud, which resulted in a large number of alleged ringleaders of malcontents being interned at Kinmel Park Camp, has satisfactorily passed over. After all, when our men are ordered to the Front without furlough, and see packs of Home Service men passing them on leave, it is but natural that they should kick up their heels. We trust that the War Council has looked into this little trouble.

A Case for the Comb:—Ministers of religion are to be excused service with our troops. On the Salvation Army pay roll are hundreds of officers who act as insurance collectors, and in other capacities connected with the commercial side of that undertaking. Though they turn out and beat the big drum on Sundays, these men are *not* ministers of religion, and are not honestly entitled to exemption. Why not comb them in?

Praise and Blame:—The patients of the Portland Road Hospital, Hove, swear by the Medical Officer, who is a jolly good fellow; but they blame—and we are with them—the person who apportions their rations, which poor-house residents would turn up their noses at. The matron recently left, and someone else is doing her duty. We would suggest to her that in no well supervised institution is economy at the expense of the inmates likely to advance an official in the favour of the authorities.

Up to Us:—We are glad to know that our recent advocacy of the cause of the soldier-clerks has borne fruit. Something more, however, has to be done. The difference between Army and National Service civilian pay has been granted as from March 28th; but it should have been dated from January 18th, this being the day on which the men were ordered to appear in civilian clothes—which, however, some of them did not get. We want another push!

Not Square:—Recently it was found that the W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess, R.E., Thetford, was £160 in debt. A resolution was carried to the effect that a levy of 18s. per head should be compulsorily made, old and new members being treated alike. The majority of the voters were old members, but we fail to see why new members—who had none of the benefits which caused the deficit—should be made to pay.

We Helped Here:—We are glad to have received a letter of thanks from the Fargo Military Hospital, Salisbury Plain, which tells us that on the appearance of our recent paragraph a Major-General and a Head Matron from one of the hospitals visited the institution, and inspected it. The place wore a festive appearance for the occasion, and everything was found good. We hope that the improvement will be permanent.

"JACK."

Snorting to Go:—We have complaints from stokers who have offered themselves for service, and are now at Devonport in barracks, where they are kicking their heels and grilling because they have nothing to do. They are snorting to go to sea to release the hard-worked men who have been abroad for a long time. Somebody should take the matter up.

Catchers of Fish:—Who regulates and values the catches of fish made by the Government trawlers, which combine the work of fishing for mines with fishing for finnies? We hear many stories to the effect that the prime fish finds its way to the wrong quarters, whilst the coarse stuff which fishermen usually throw away is graciously granted to the hard-working fellows who land the catches. The trawlermen are entitled to better treatment than they receive.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Frenzied Finance:—We wonder whose money some of the Aircraft factory people are chucking about. Discharged men who apply for work have been offered 4d. an hour, with the glorious prospect of a guinea a week—including overtime. Surely the various managements concerned are not designedly attempting to ruin our "Badgers" by enabling them to array themselves in fine linen and partake of sumptuous fare every day!

Comb Out the Funk-Holes:—At a recent meeting of the Borough of Camberwell Branch of the National Federation, a resolution was passed calling upon the Government to comb out the various cable works, where there still remain thousands of young men fit for the Army. We agree. We go further, and say that at this time of crisis it is criminal to send discharged unfit soldiers back to the front while thousands and thousands of strong young fellows are skulking in funk-holes.

Robbing the Badger:—We have many complaints from discharged men wearing the badge, and sent from the Labour Exchanges to the Enfield Small Arms Factory. The management there appear to have decided that the factory should be a funk-hole for won't-soldier fellows, the ex-soldier being turned away. Hordes of civilians from 18 to 25 years of age, however, get employment. The Enfield War Pensions Committee, which recently reported that allegations regarding fit men at the factory cannot be substantiated, should inquire again into the matter.

P.M.G., Please Note:—Over 100 discharged soldiers are engaged by the General Post Office in Dublin as temporary postmen, but they appear to be badly treated. They are given part-time employment only, whereas other temporary postmen who are soaked in Sinn Fein are given full time. The ex-soldier receives no boot money, but the Sinn Feiner gets £2 a year to cover this necessary expenditure. Should the Badger fall ill, he is given no sick pay; but it is otherwise in the case of the enemies of England who are employed by the Post-Master General!

A Good Score:—We are pleased to note that the management of the Blackpole Factory, Worcester, have promised not to do it again. Their practice was to turn down Badgers sent for employment by the Labour Exchange, the unfortunate fellows being told that the place was not a convalescent home! The local War Pensions Committee took the matter up, with this gratifying result.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Bread Supply Cut Off:—After sustaining severe wounds and shell shock a poor fellow was discharged, and resumed his work until he was taken home from sheer exhaustion, caused by neurasthenia. Consequently his wife and two kiddies have been wanting for bread, as at the time of their application to us the baker would not continue the supply until the outstanding bill was paid.

Hard on the Widow:—A soldier's widow has had to surrender to the Army her only son and former support. She had to work to increase her small income, but developed heart trouble which necessitated a period of convalescence, during which debts accumulated and compelled her to apply for outside help.

"Crocked":—After a short experience with the Colours, a man received his discharge, but no pension. He tried various kinds of work, but was knocked over at each fresh attempt. He has a wife, and three children under the age of five, the only money coming into the house being what the wife earns. He had nobody to whom he could turn to in his trouble except JOHN BULL.

A Breakdown:—The wife of an old soldier is in very straitened circumstances. No pension is issued on behalf of her late husband, and she had been keeping the home going by her own efforts until she found her health giving way. She has now to enter hospital, and appealed for help for her little girl's sake.

For Our Men:—Soldiers on the various Fronts and in our hospitals are clamouring for comforts and means of amusement. Will their friends, and ours, help? Donations should be earmarked "Comforts." Thanks!

A Few More from a Long List:—

Soldier's widow, with five little ones, one of them delicate. Many debts on hand, including doctor's bill.

Little boy ill with bronchitis. The mother has to neglect work to look after him, and cannot pay for nourishment.

Invalided mother of deceased son, her former support, applies for help to save her little home.

Six children of soldier, each in need of boots, etc., which the mother cannot work to supply, owing to very bad health due to war strain.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"In Memory of Reg," 15s.; A. K. (Chelsea), £1; E. D. (Hampton Hill), £1 1s.; "B.," 2s.; E. C., 2s. 6d.; J. L., 5s.; Mrs. J. K., 1s.; P. B., 1s. 6d.; E. B., 2s. 6d.; W. A. W., 1s.; S. R. D., 9d.; Mrs. A. (Peckham), 1s.; G. D. (Hull), 1s.; J. A. A. (Havant), 1s.; The Misses W., £2; "Chips," 2s.; S. D., 6d.; S. C. (B.E.F.), 4s. 6d.; "A Small Thankoffering," 5s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 1s.; "Traveller" 5s.; W. G. (Crossflatts), 5s.; F. T. D. (Torquay), 2s.; Mrs. C. and Son, 6d.; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £2; A. H. M., 10s.; "Mother of a Soldier Serving in France," 2s.; M. F. B., 1s. 6d.; H. D. (Balham), 2s.; Pte. C. F. G. (Ripon), 1s. 6d.; "Widow," 2s. 6d.; "A Loyal Irish Girl," 1s.; "Nan L.," 5s.; "Hawthorne," 10s.; J. L. N. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; E. J. (Ipswich), 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 1s. 6d.; H. F. M. (Chepstow), 1s.; "Photography," 12s.; "A Lover of Fair Play," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. (Uxbridge), 1s.; "Soldier in Hospital," 2s. 6d.; F. W. P., 10s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; J. W. G. (Paisley), 5s.; "A Yorkshireman," 5s.; "Tommy's Mite," 1s.; Mrs. C. (Ashmore Green), 1s.; S. A. (Peckham Rye), 4s.; F. T. (Acton Hill), 1s.; C. C. (Hanley), 2s. 6d.; I. C. (Maltby), 1s. 6d.; H. W. (Peckham Rye), 1s.; L. H. W. (Thetford), 1s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; Mrs. H. V. (New York), 5s.; "Red Tape," 10s.; H. E. W. (New Brighton), 2s.; T. R. (Aston), 1s.; "Taxi Driver 5573," 1s.; H. H. H., £1 1s.; Anonymous, £1; "Yeaton," 5s.; "Thankoffering," 4s.; "Canadian Soldier," 10 francs; Mrs. T. (Pangbourne), 1s.; A. D. S. (Ellon), 2s.; H. H. (Lochwinnoch), 2s. 6d.; M. P., 8d.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; Withank War Fund Committee, 10s.; E. A. V. (Bedford), 2s.; Gunner A. H., 2s. 6d.; W. A. 6d.; G. V. J., 1s.; Cpl. H. B., 6d.; G. C. D., 1s.; "Odds On," 2s.; "For B. V. B.," £1 1s.

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

"Mother of Eight," 5s.; "A Yorkshireman," 10s.; W. T. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; J. H. H. (Cardiff), 1s.; W. J. A., 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.

(Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however, given official printed receipts.)

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

H. W. S. (Bradford).—"I would a 'd——d' sight rather have 'L. G.' leading us than an Asquith, Grey, Lansdowne, Henderson or Balfour." So would we, a double 'd——d' sight more, provided he *does* lead us.

H. D. W. (Ruislip).—We note that you "marvel at our unintermittent power of discerning and exposing inconsistencies." That's what mother always said.

"MERCANTILE MARINE" (Woolwich).—Thanks for good wishes regarding our return to Parliament. At present we are engaged in a sporting effort to find a constituency, that isn't a dead cert.

"PATRIOTIC."—"It will be interesting to watch the proceedings of yearly meeting of Quakers this month." Also exasperating, if the Conchy section have their way.

S. R. J. (Winslow).—Sorry cannot print your picture, but you will be flattered to know that for one golden moment it was the leading object in our field of vision.

S. P. (Derby).—Never mind; you and we understand each other, don't us?

C. E. R. F. (Bexhill).—"I was wondering how many answers you would get if you wanted a lady secretary; it would be fun to see." But it would be grief to think of the thousands of aching hearts among the disappointed dears; and cruelty is off our map.

A. J. (Coventry).—You had a firm belief in the "Angels of Mons," and are bewildered to find them called a myth? Well, don't worry about it.

"PICTURE POSTCARD."—It came from Egypt, to "JOHN BULL, Esq., London, England," with "Cheerio from your old pal, A Tommy." Thank heavens, we have many thousands of old pals with that name. So we don't know which one sent it.

"DOT" (Cracker's Alley).—"What's the difference between cheese and the House of Commons? *Answer*:—You see better things in cheese." You mite very often.

M. G. M. (Waltham Green).—"My argument is, let those who commenced the war pay every farthing." That's not an argument; that's just sense.

C. G. D. (near Boulogne).—"To settle an argument, which is cheaper—a King or a President?" From the "wage" point of view, a President; you have not to provide for his relatives. But cheapest isn't always best.

"DISGUSTED" (No Address) thinks we "are the only man who realises what a valuable asset Tommy is." Modesty compels us to say there are others.

B. W. (Bedford).—Your sweet compliments are like incense in our nostrils.

E. W. (Walthamstow).—The Chancellor of the Exchequer has only to say to the banks, "I intend to have hold of those unclaimed balances," and the getting of them will not be difficult. Our own Bill makes that clear.

A. J. (Lytham).—Your letter of enlightened criticism most welcome. We must split a small soda if ever we meet.

J. G. (Bearwood).—Your mother-in-law's recovery suggests that the churlish doctor of whom you complain, unwittingly did his best for her by refusing his attendance.

"WATCHWORD" (London, W.C.).—Your "couple of lines" *re* the Governor of Fiji to hand. Can't you count, or are you trying to be funny?

J. G. S. (Somersham).—"You have the brains." Thanks; that will save us an X-ray examination.

"CONSULTING ENGINEER" (Brockley).—Your letter as welcome as a pint of the best in the desert of Sahara.

"FLEET PAYMASTER" (France).—It would be labour in vain to try to persuade our unimaginative Chancellor of the Exchequer to adopt so sensible and profitable a tax as graduated receipt stamps, after the French fashion, in place of the utterly imbecile 2d. tax on cheques.

"GIDDY GIRL" (Hampstead).—So it's your "professional name," eh? Which of the giddy professions is it?

J. B. (London, E.C.).—The fact that, as you point out, there are no public baths in the City of London is enough to make Banbury cross.

H. (Norwich).—If your daughter signed for aeroplane work at Norwich only, she cannot be sent away without consent. But why not let her go? She will be quite safe and happy.

"FREEMAN OF LINCOLN."—"I beg to submit the enclosed, which gives the Cause of Armageddon, and its sure punishment of the author for all time." We hope it won't be as bad as that for you, though you did dump 13 pages on us.

"X.Y.Z." (Blackburn).—Though the Committee of the Royal Liver Friendly Society "can't afford" to give their employees a war bonus, we note from the Blackpool agenda they can find money to raise their own salaries and those of officials. 'Twas ever thus.

"A CHRISTIAN" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"Please obtain passes to France." Join the Army. You will get there sooner that way than the other. Moreover, all true Christians of military age and fitness are with the Colours.

MRS. A. R. (Chester).—When staff is reduced by discharging married women, soldiers' wives should unquestionably be the last to leave.

"FATHER OF FIGHTING SONS" (London, S.W.).—"I pray to God the day will soon come when the workers will assert themselves." They are already asserting themselves to some purpose at the Front, along with those you call the "classes."

"MORTAL MAN" (Balham) and ten other consumptive patients of St. James' Infirmary, there, complain of their "low diet of milk and a little jelly," but "if a patient's friends bring eggs and sugar they will make him custard." New patients who give up their meat, butter and sugar cards are said to be worse off than those who never had any.

"ONE OF THE Q.W.A.A.C.S" (Winchester).—The fools who sneer at your Corps are not worthy to polish your buttons. Give them the frigid optic.

"DOWN WITH KULTUR."—"Many sidemen on the railway—yardmen, wagon number takers, staff clerks, horse men, etc.—keep out of the war, though their work could be done by women." Afraid this is a story of wide application.

MISS H. (Badminster).—Deans should be addressed as "Very Reverend." Sometimes they are.

"MEOW" (Lordship Lane, N.).—Your incomprehensible letters suggest an unpleasant feline. Bow-wow!

"ANXIOUS INQUIRER" (Edinburgh).—1864 pennies are worth £7 15s. 4d., as you will see if you work it out.

MRS. J. H. (Bury St. Edmunds).—Kindest regards to your fox-terrier. How's he off for edible offal?

"AN ENGLISHWOMAN."—"Mr. Asquith ignored all advice from Lords Roberts and Fisher." And from you, too, by the look of it.

J. L. (Leeds).—On receipt of your letter we went all goosey with gladness. Carry on.

E. K. (Hayward's Heath).—Thanks for four-leaf clover. It has brought us luck already—a five ounce ration of margarine this week.

A. N. (Glasnevin).—We note that your remarks concerning the Irish "No Conscription" leaflet "would be unprintable." Ours are unspeakable.

W. E. W. (Rhyl).—Your chapter of railway grievances to hand, but it's no use railing at us over the job. Sauce the station-master.

MISS E. (Enfield), age 28, badly wants a husband, and sends us a shilling to get her one. We don't insert matrimonial ads.; besides, are husbands really so scarce these days?

A. S. (Dalton).—His Honour of the Doncaster County Court, who told a plaintiff he wasn't going to allow rent distraint on a soldier who had "served his country all these years, as he couldn't sleep in his bed if he did," is evidently a good judge of right and wrong.

H. M. (Crowthorne).—Sorry a discharged soldier should be caught and fleeced by the Premium Watch Co. As for "finding them out," we did so long, long ago, and have printed scores of warnings.

J. H. E. (Stockwell).—Any Mayor who refuses his patronage to the Discharged Soldiers' Federation is more mule than mayor—with a touch of the jackass.

MRS. B. AND OTHERS.—If the Food Control won't let expectant mothers have the exceptional nourishment they think they ought to have, then the least the Food Control can do is to tell them what is best for them—and where they can get it.

GEO. C. (H.M.S. ——).—"There are many thousands of strong, able-bodied young fellows making their fortunes in the fishing industry." Probably, but isn't it because many of them are taking grave risks that we are able to eat fish?

G.F.R.W. (Bearwood).—"Why not face the Real Truth and prepare the people for the Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ?" We are doing our best by helping to cleanse the earth of Getmens.

SGT. G. M. (Hazel Grove).—Always glad to hear from a loyal Irishman like you, because a loyal Irishman means a sensible Irishman.

R. W. (Edinburgh University).—Too long and complicated for JOHN BULL. Besides, it would need a lot nicer in a Government blue book.

J. C. (Ayr).—Your inventor friend seems to expect to be waited on by a deputation from the Invention Board. Ask him whether he wouldn't rather spend a week-end with the War Cabinet.

J. B. (Hulton).—Are those ponies working down pits? For about the millionth time, yes, yes!—and asses working and writing letters on the surface.

J. H. (Herne Hill).—We have no use for an 1863 copy of a former *John Bull* containing the announcement of the death of Sir Walter Scott. If you could offer us a modern copy of JOHN BULL describing the death and damnation of the Kaiser we might bid.

P. D. (Lower Parkstone).—We cannot pronounce upon the value of your invention "to stop ships being sunk," although we believe that up to date about five million similar devices have been awarded the W.P.S.

"OLD READER" (Dublin) has noticed that we are "always trying to help the merchant seaman." That's one in the eye for the blind Bartimeus who was grousing at us the other week.

H. M. H. (Glasgow).—Sorry to hear of local panic outburst, but we are too busy just now to take over the duties of the Glasgow police.

C. N. (Chelmsford).—Unless you are prepared to submit drawings of your invention, the only thing will be to push it up to Whitehall on a truck.

G. F. (Hammersmith).—"The women are all right where they are." Take it straight from us; they are all right wherever they are!

W. N. (Carmarthen).—"Why does it take eight military policemen to guard the 6.35 p.m. train, Euston to Glasgow?" They watch the engine to see that nobody pinches the tender behind.

H. J. (Herne Hill).—This is still such a lovely country for the elusive alien that we have no doubt he often "earns from £10 to £17 a week" and dodges military service and income tax at the same time.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you can have 7 coupons and P.O. for 2s. only, and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1o. Same terms.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Close 1st, 1918.

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body, recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E., General Secretary, Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

No. 3.—THE FOLLY OF SELF-DRUGGING.

Those who try to treat themselves for Syphilis or Gonorrhœa may find the disease drag on for years and years, and grave complications, perhaps threatening life itself, will almost certainly ensue. So great is the danger that the Government has passed a law suppressing quack treatment.

These two terrible diseases are among the most difficult of all to cure, and can only be successfully treated by the highest medical skill.

If they are treated at once the patient stands an excellent chance of a complete cure. *If treatment is delayed the sufferer may become a wreck for life.* Every hour is precious. Days lost in self-drugging may be paid for in years of suffering.

FREE TREATMENT.

Free treatment, under conditions of secrecy, is provided by the Government in most centres. All who are infected, *or who have taken a risk of infection*, should immediately go to a doctor or apply at the out-patients' department of the nearest hospital, or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

Further notes will appear shortly in this paper.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write in confidence to the Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., 58, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, for free literature or information.

Become a GOOD PIANIST without constant "practising"

THE SYSTEM enables:

THE BEGINNER to learn pleasantly in a fraction of the time usually spent on dreary practising.

THE AVERAGE PLAYER to improve very rapidly, with a small amount of practice and no drudgery.

THE GOOD PLAYER to keep up a high standard and to improve without any fear-bound practice at all.

850 readers of "John Bull" took this course during 1917.

9,650 successful Pupils.

Send for illustrated Book, "Light on Pianoforte Playing."

This book explains our way of teaching by POSTAL LESSONS, and the fee I charge. Adapted to Pianists of every grade. Apply for your booklet to-day, but do not wait to state whether amateur or advanced player, or, if a beginner, whether you can, or cannot play at sight simple hymn tune. Send 2½d. for postage.

A. MACDONALD SMITH, 19 Bloomsbury Square, LONDON, W.C.1

From Brain to Keyboard

There is only one "From Brain to Keyboard" System, the original and in every sense

DRAWS OUT THE POISONS

Which Cause Eczema, Boils, Carbuncles, Ulcers, Bunions, Sore Feet, Blackheads and Pimples.

SOMETHING stronger than the hottest poultice is required to free the blood of the poisonous impurities which cause these maladies.

This something is to be found in **Grasshopper Ointment**. Applied to a diseased part **Grasshopper** draws out the virus which has made it diseased, restores the blood, tissues and skin to a healthy state and thus heals and cures the affected part.

We are convinced that this drawing out of the poison is the only efficacious way of curing boils, ulcers, eczema, bunions, carbuncles, ringworm, bad-leg, etc., and we positively assert that **Grasshopper Ointment** is the only preparation which possesses in a sufficiently high degree the drawing, disease-absorptive power to accomplish this.

Grasshopper Ointment has been sold and used for more than 50 years, and its value in treating blood and skin maladies has never been denied. It would be impossible to deny it, as the huge number of letters we receive from those who have tried it prove, beyond any possible doubt, that **Grasshopper** is an absolutely safe and perfect cure for even the most serious cases of ECZEMA, ULCERS, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, BAD-LEGS, PILES, and BUNIONS.

You are urged to refuse all substitutes and imitations. **Grasshopper Ointment** was the first ointment of its kind to be manufactured, and during the half-century of its existence it has had hundreds of imitators. But although these imitation ointments may look like **Grasshopper** they have not the same unsurpassed curative power, and are frequently harmful to the user. **Grasshopper** contains no mineral or other injurious substance, and is absolutely harmless.

Grasshopper Ointment may be had of Boots', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, Civil Service Stores, Army and Navy Stores, Lewis and Burrows, Bishop's, Heppell's, Harrods, Parkes, Selfridge's, and other Stores and Chemists at 1/3 and 3/. a box, or direct, post free, from J. B. ALBERT, 73, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

RUBY M. AYRES

talks to more women than any other story-writer. She has chosen

"EVERYWOMAN'S"

for her latest and best serial:

"LOVE—THE LIAR,"

COMMENCING THIS WEEK.

ON SALE TO-DAY, 1d.

"EVERYWOMAN'S" is still ONE PENNY WEEKLY, and better than ever. Note the name—there are others of similar sound.

Tell your newsagent to keep "Everywoman's" regularly for you. He cannot supply you otherwise, owing to the new Government order.

ON SALE TO-DAY, 1d.

Foster Clark's

FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food.

You simply add Water

2D SOUPS

QUICK AND EASY. **"Trippa" Folding Frame.**

Suitable for children from one month upwards. Constructed of steel, beautifully enamelled. The "Trippa," while embodying simple principles, is delightfully comfortable. Write for "Trippa" Catalogue, post free.

Sold by all Prams Dealers, Stores, &c.

MOSS, Ltd., 68, Mortimer St., W.1. Works: Tottenham, Manchester.

ONE OF THE **GREAT BOOKS OF THE WORLD.**

ONE of the most notable things in regard to books during the last few years has been the enormous increase in the demand for Natural History books. People are just beginning to realise the immense pleasure which is open to all who study the Animal Kingdom. "THE LIVING ANIMALS OF THE WORLD" is one of the *great* books of the World.

A very great feature is its Beautiful Illustrations. In the pages of "THE LIVING ANIMALS OF THE WORLD" photography is used on a scale never equalled in any previous publication. Without straining words, it may be said that the subjects photographed have been obtained from every part of the World, many of them from the most distant islands of the Southern Ocean, the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, the New Zealand hills, the Indian jungle, the South African veldt, and the rivers of British Columbia. Photographs of the swimming fish, of the flying bird, and of the leaping salmon are reproduced as accurately as those of the large carnivora or the giant ungulates. In accordance with the example now being set by the Museum of Natural History, the living breeds of domesticated animals also find a place.

THE BOOK AT A GLANCE.

It has Cost about £10,000; Over 1,200 Beautiful Illustrations; About 800 large Pages; 25 Fine Coloured Plates; About 275,000 Words; Written by Eminent Naturalists; Translated into all the Leading Languages; A Standard and International Work; Printed throughout on the finest English Art Paper; In Two Handsome Volumes with full Gilt Edges; Beautifully Bound in Half Morocco Leather; Elaborately Blocked in Gold.

Send 4 penny stamps to cover postage, and we will send you Free 40 Specimen Pages and 2 Coloured Plates printed on Art Paper and worth at least One Shilling.

THE STANDARD ART BOOK CO., LTD. (Dept. 42), 30-32, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.

TOMMY'S BLOOD-DRINKING ENEMY.

How to Ensure Victory Over Body Vermin, Mosquitoes, Sand Flies, etc.

Tommy cheerfully and courageously faces his human enemies, but there are other enemies that drink his blood. The conditions of active service mean all too infrequent bathing and change of clothing, with verminous dug-outs and sleeping quarters. Restful sleep is an impossibility when fleas, bugs and lice entrench themselves in the clothing.

One Medical Aid Major writes in unqualified praise of PARASITOX: "But for your most excellent preparation I do not know what I should have done. . . . They (the vermin) turn one's so-called sleeping quarters into a perfect hell."

PARASITOX is a simply wonderful antidote to body vermin, mosquitoes and flies. It kills and repels them. Rubbed on the skin and in the inner seams of the clothing, no flea, bug, louse, mosquito or fly will come near one. In handy stick form, it costs only 1/-.

In hot climates PARASITOX is working wonders against not only the attentions of body vermin, but the malaria-infected mosquitoes and sand and other flies and insects.

ON SALE AT ALL CANTEENS, 1/-

PARASITOX

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

PARA-SI-TOX

Obtainable at all Principal Chemists and Stores, or from Heppell's Pharmacies, 104, Piccadilly and Branches.

SHORTHAND IN 24 HOURS

Dutton's shorthand is the simplest high-speed system in the world. There are only 6 rules and 9 characters to learn, and the complete theory can be acquired in 24 hours. That stage reached, practice only is necessary to gain a speed of 200 words per minute.

Send stamp to-day for first lesson to Dutton's Business Colleges, Room 5, Shaftesbury.

TRY FIRST LESSON

MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR RATIONS.

"EMVITA" will help you by supplying the organic salts which are an essential aid to digestion. The patient research of the well-known Food Expert, Mr. EUSTACE MILES, M.A., has produced.

"EMVITA"

possessing properties of particular value at this time. Every "Food Unit" is utilised. "EMVITA" is in Powder form, requires no cooking, and can be easily taken.

GET IT TO-DAY from EUSTACE MILES PROTEID FOODS LD., 5BB, Chandos St., W.C. 2.

Twenty-one Days' Treatment for 2/6; post free 2/9.

BICYCLE BARGAINS.—Write before buying for late Spring Clearance Sale. Premiers, Humbers, Centaurs, Swifts, Triumphs, Rovers, Raleighs, Coast Royals, &c., grand bicycles from £5 5s. cash (makers' prices £10 10s.).—GEORGE ELLIS, Ltd., the Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.

YOUR LAST CHANCE!

FIRST PRIZE £1000

'BULLETS' RECORD OFFER!

2ND PRIZE £100

3RD PRIZE £50

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	100 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 5/-	2,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	7,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES.

1ST PRIZE ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

Your Last Chance!

Closing Date, Thursday, June 8th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(287) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 8th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(287) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 287, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

Closing Date, Thursday, June 8th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(287) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, June 8th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(287) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 287.

WHAT HAIG WILL DO	ALL BRITAIN WANTS	WHAT BOTTOMLEY SAYS
THE GERMAN ARMY	WON'T PASS	A BAD RECORD
SHOCK TROOPS	FOND OF THE BOTTLE	OUR BABY
ON A SOFT THING	IRISH QUESTION	TAKEN BY SURPRISE
LUCKY DOG	AFTER A BITE	ASKING TOO MUCH
NOT SURPRISING IF	THE WAR CABINET	GRANDS LANDLADY
MADE IN ENGLAND	FRIGHTFUL MISTAKE	THE BULLDOG BREED
TAKING HIS MEDICINE	THE GERMAN WAY	GETTING HOME STRAIGHT
WHAT FATHER THINKS	MOST PERILOUS	LOADED WITH CARE
READY TO CHARGE	ROTTEN LUCK	GETTING BETTER
HIDE AND SEEK	MY SWEETHEART	FOR THE DURATION
HAPPY FAMILY	THE OLD FIRM	BROOKE'S MAN
PLENTY TO DO	EXTRA SPECIAL	AFTER THE GIRLS
THE KAISER EXPECTS		

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Forty examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—EXTRA SPECIAL. Bullet:—TREATMENT ACCORDED TO CUTHBERT. Example:—ROTTEN LUCK. Bullet:—OUTSIDER BEATS FAVOURITE.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated June 22nd. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated June 15th.

RESULT OF 285th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. WILLIAM JAMES BOYCOTT, 12, St. Aubyns Road, Lowestoft.

Example:—IN AUSTRIA.
Bullet:—No "PLUMPER" FOR WAR.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. RICHMOND MACAULAY, 7, Broomhill Av., Partick, Glasgow.

Example:—HINDENBURG AND LUDENDORFF.
Bullet:—"DOUBT" THEIR MASTER NOW.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. G. WILLIAMSON, 22, Croft Street, Lincoln.

Example:—GENERAL NUISANCE.
Bullet:—CLEVER PARLIAMENTARIAN "MARKS" HIMSELF.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. J. SCOTT, 97, Sandhurst Gardens, Stranmillis, Belfast:
RIGHT STUFF—OFTEN HEARD—"HARD CASE."

Mr. W. HOLMES, 99, Hamilton Road, Longsight, Manchester:
ATTRACTS ATTENTION—THE "NUMBERS" AT RACES.

Mr. W. BLANCHFLOWER, 42, Birchanger Road, South Norwood, S.E.:
PLEASING THE IRISH—"TAKING" ENGLAND WITH UNFAIRNESS.

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. A. HAYES, 76, Manor Rd., Leyton, E.:
RIGHT STUFF—FOR WRITING "H.B."

Pte. A. E. GRAY, 1157, No. 1, M.A.C., B.E.F., France:
ON THE NOD—TOMMY, POILU AND SAMMY.

Miss M. E. GOODHARE, "Hazeldene," Ash Street, Southport:
FULL OF SWANK—PUSS IN ARMY BOOTS.

Mrs. L. TINKLER, 16, Calder Av., Halifax:
ATTRACTS ATTENTION—UNWOUNDED SOLDIER IN GERMANY.

Mr. H. GOODYEAR, Cloughton, Scarborough:
FINGER IN PIE—SUGGESTS GERMAN TABLE MANNERS.

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. M. F. SMALES, 3, Ruskin St., Preston:
IN AUSTRIA—"SUPPRESSED EXCITEMENT" EVERYWHERE.

Mr. R. HUNTER, 92, Seymour Road, Clayton, Manchester:
IN AUSTRIA—"FERMENT" SURELY PRECEDES "RISING."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. W. H. HALSTEAD, 6, Stillness Road, Honor Oak Park, London, S.E.:
DOCTOR'S ADVICE—SELDOM BENEFITS THE PUBLICAN.

Miss E. HARRIS, 58, High Street, Moxley, near Wednesbury:
ON THE NOD—NOT BILLY SUNDAY'S CONGREGATION.

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Miss C. PINFOLD, 3, The Grove, Poulton, Cheshire:
DONE BROWN—ONLY FOOLS—TWICE.

Mr. T. A. DOUGLAS, 172, Stanley Street, Glasgow, S.S.:
NEIGHBOUR'S CAT—MORE PERSIAN THAN PERSIAN.

Mr. R. A. HAWKEY, West Rype, Lydd, Kent:
HINDENBURG AND LUDENDORFF—BUSY "MISLEADING" THEIR COUNTRYMEN.

Mr. J. F. JERRAM, Baddesley Road, Rownhams, Southampton:
THE RIGHT NUMBER—ANYBODY'S HOUSE PRICE MIGHT.

Mr. W. LIVINGSTONE, Blantyre, Salisbury Gardens, Belfast:
THE RIGHT NUMBER—WISE MAN "STOPS AT."

Mr. T. LEONARD, "Highfield," Maldon Road, Colchester:
BETWEEN OURSELVES—"NOTHING REASONABLE" IN WAR.

Mr. T. WHITE, 8, Howarth Street South, Sunderland:
THE RIGHT NUMBER—FOCH'S RESERVES WE TRUST.

Mr. N. HUNT, 51, Atkinson Street, Gorton, Manchester:
FIRST LOVE—KAISER INSPECTING OUR FLEET.

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 285 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Why Violet Loraine relies on Daisy Tablets to dispel HEADACHE

Alhambra Theatre,
Leicester Square.

To The Daisy Co. London.
Daisy Hive, Dec. 28th, 1917.

I place the utmost reliance on your "Daisy" Tablets for they never fail to at once relieve any headache I may suffer from. It is good to know that we can rely upon a British cure for these incurrent-and attacks, and I always strongly recommend your handy tablets.

They contain nothing but certain to their curative effects and never have any disagreeable after effects.

(Signed) Yours truly,

DAISY TABLETS

Cure Headache and Neuralgia.
TREATISE & SAMPLE FREE.

If you would like to try them at our expense, send us your name and address on a postcard, and we will send you FREE a dainty box, along with a very interesting scientific booklet on the cure of head and nerve pains of all kinds.

Write to-day to
DAISY, Ltd. (Dept. 23), LEEDS.

Daisy Tablets are sold by Boots, Taylor's and Chemists everywhere at 1/3 per box, or Sample (post free) from Daisy, Ltd. (Dept. 23), Leeds.

THE
INDEPENDENT OFFICE
FOR
AIRCRAFT RISKS.

RATES FROM ONE SHILLING PER CENT.
MINIMUM PREMIUM FIVE SHILLINGS.

COMPREHENSIVE POOL POLICIES
:: INCLUDE FREE WAR RISKS. ::

THE
LICENSES & GENERAL INSURANCE Co., LTD.,
24, Moorgate St., E.C.2.

WEAK NERVES.

Health and happiness impossible where nerve weakness exists. My FREE BOOK shows how lassitude, depression, all nerve, stomach, or heart weakness, irritability, brain-fag, self-consciousness, etc., may be positively cured, under guarantee INEFFICIENT! Stop failing and become the success you were meant to be. Enclose 2 stamps mentioning ailment. Dept. B.
THOMAS INCH, 14, Clarendon Road, Putney, London, S.W.

T'INT YOUR
GREY HAIR
the proper natural colour with
SHADEINE

The universal favourite. It is instantaneous, permanent and harmless. Always reliable. No unnatural tints. Trial bottle 2/-, post 2½d., 1/4 size 1/7; 1/6 size 2/10.

Of all Chemists, or direct from The Shadeine Co., Dept. J.B. 52, Westbourne Grove London W.

SHORTHAND

50

For easy and speed learn SLOAN-DUPLOYAN, the only simple system used on Official Parliamentary Reporting Staff. Sloan-Duployan Headquarters, Dept. 32, Ramsgate

What about the Future?

The International Correspondence Schools have helped more men to successful futures than any other Institution in the world. I.C.S. training is simple, quick and certain. At little cost it comes to you wherever you are, at home, overseas, on board ship, in billets, hospital, barracks, and follows you round wherever you go.

Post this coupon NOW!

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd., International Buildings, 71, Kingsway, W.C.2.

Please send me your free booklet giving full particulars of the Course of Correspondence Training before which I have marked X.

—Mechanical Engineer	—Business Training
—Draughtsmanship	—Secretaryship
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—Architecture	—Advertising
—Marine Engineer	—Window Dressing
—Steam Engineer	—Motor Engineer
—Civil Engineer	—Textile
—Boiler-Making	—Chemistry
—Coal & Metal Mining	—Carpentry
—Agriculture	—Furniture-Making
—Poultry-Farming	—Carriage Building
—Fruit-Growing	—Wireless

NOTE.—If the Subject desired is not in the above List write it here:—

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

A smart boot or shoe cannot look smart if badly laced. Use Paton's Laces and the boots will look their smartest.

Hundreds of high-grade mercerised threads perfectly plaited give to Paton's Laces an elasticity that enables the laces to fit snugly and neatly—wearing qualities which give more than double the service of an ordinary lace. And the dyes being fast Paton's Laces never become shabby.

Your own boot dealer can supply you if you insist upon Paton's.

PATON'S
BOOT & SHOE
LACES
ALL BRITISH.

Boot Laces for Ladies and Gentlemen 3d. & 4d. per pr.
Shoe Laces (flat and tubular) do. .. .. .. 3d. ..
Leather Laces do. .. .. 3d. & 5d. ..
WM. PATON, LTD, Johnstone, Scotland.

P 52

SOOTHING AS AN OLD TIME MELODY

Spinet
THE SUPER
CIGARETTE

Fine Old Virginia. Cork-Tipped, Ovals. 1/4 for 20 Also in boxes of 50 and 100

Spinet Mixture 1/11 2

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles, and excludes enemy nationals, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the latter, if not on active service outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 14 days of receiving injury from any of the enemy named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye ..	£100
For each week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks ..	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for seven days or more, up to	£10

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT

To ..... Newsagent.

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

June 1st, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is required

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

June 1st, 1918. .....

And I'm bound to admit—

I've gone pretty thoroughly into the whole question, and I'm bound to admit that you're right. The "Midland" is the place to go to. You can always rely on finding what you want at the "Midland"; they give you over £100,000 worth of really good furniture to choose from. And the prices compare very favourably with what you would be charged elsewhere.

Money buys more at the "Midland"

My advice is—just go and have a look round the "Midland" Galleries. No one will press you to buy. You'll have no one to please but yourself. You can select anything that strikes your fancy, and if you like to pay for it there and then, you will get 10 per cent. discount. Or if you prefer, you can arrange to furnish on Ideal Terms, as the "Midland" Ideal-Furnish; the "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest—no deposit—no extras whatsoever.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

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Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, Five minutes from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Governing Director, GEORGE MIDDLEMASS, (who has been associated with the business for 40 years).

Rail Fares Paid

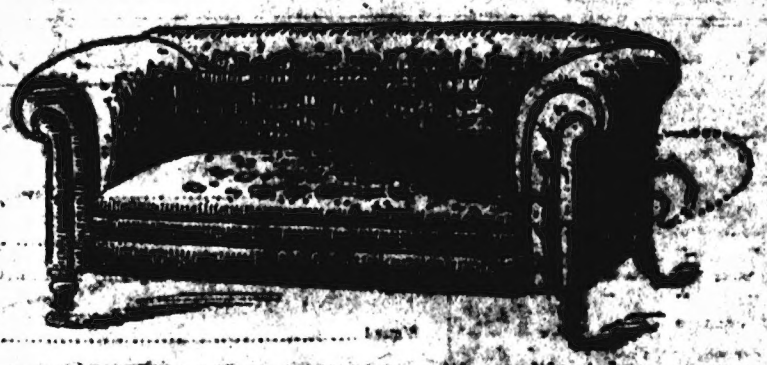
Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders [illegible] per rail.

Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms is insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs or Hostile Bombardment.



Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art cretonne. £7 9s. 0d.

Ideal Terms

[illegible]

Value	Per month.
£10 - £20	£1 5 0
£20 - £30	£1 11 0
£30 - £40	£1 16 6
£40 - £50	£2 3 0
£50 - £60	£2 7 6
£60 - £80	£2 16 0
£80 - £100	£3 10 0
£100 - £150	£4 13 0

Longer terms if required.

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